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ADDRESS OF MARTIN P. KENNARD,

IN BEHALF OF THE SUBSCRIBING CITIZENS, ON PRESENTATION
TO THE TOWN OF A

MEMORIAL PORTRAIT

OF THE LATE

BRIG. GEN'L EDWARD AUGUSTUS WILD,

TOGETHER WITH THE

RESPONSE OF THE CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD OF SELECTMEN,
AND THE IMPROMPTU REMARKS OF OTHER
GENTLEMEN PRESENT.

BROOKLINE, MASS.:

PRINTED FOR THE TOWN.

1894.



MAJOR GENERAL EDWARD AUGUSTUS WILD

From a photograph by J. Haynes, New York.
The original portrait is a full-length group taken in 1863.

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JOSEPHINE MAS
THE OLD WINE CELLAR,
HARVARD SQUARE.



THE Great Civil War of 1861-5 in the United States will ever hold a conspicuous place in the world's history, for its magnitude, and as one inevitable in the moral advancement and civil progress of its time.

This inadequate portrayal of the remarkable career and character of Edward Augustus Wild, a cherished son of Brookline, as set forth in the following pages, with the presentation to the town of his memorial portrait, May 24th, 1893, was not prompted by a too zealous partisanship or from the partiality of social relations, but because of his unalloyed patriotism and his signal service in that contention, in the cause of the Union, and when under its strain the administration of Abraham Lincoln called for the aid of loyal men.

The initial steps for this presentation were informally taken by the following well-known citizens, General Wild's cotemporaries, familiar with his life, and who thus realized the public duty of giving him exemplary permanence in the annals of the town, viz.: Edward Atkinson, William L. Bowditch, John W. Candler, William L. Candler, Dr. Tappan E. Francis, Willard V. Gross, Charles E. Hapgood, Martin P. Kennard, Albert L. Lincoln, Jr., James P. Stearns and Fergus B. Turner.

At the meeting of this self-acting committee the subject was delegated to a sub-committee with full powers, consisting of Mr. Kennard, Mr. Lincoln, and Col. William L. Candler.

The suggestions of these gentlemen were readily responded to by the generous contributions of the citizens at large, and it is gratifying that the town authorities, in concert with the popular feeling, supplemented this action by the publication of the proceedings at the expense of the town.

M. P. K.

DECEMBER, 1893.

ADDRESS OF MARTIN P. KENNARD.

*Mr. Chairman of the Selectmen, the Trustees of the Public Library,
and Fellow-Citizens:*

In conformity with the patriotic and well-timed thought of the Chandler Post, G. A. R., of this town, that some appreciative memorial of Brookline's distinguished son, the late General Edward Augustus Wild, should be considered, a meeting of a number of our citizens was called to confer upon the subject. This conference, with warm unanimity, deemed it desirable to perpetuate, as far as possible, the interesting personality of a citizen who had won such renown, by a commemorative portrait of him for a gift to the town, to be tendered as a spontaneous and enduring tribute of his fellow-citizens to his virtues and valor. It was also their wish that this portrait, with your permission, should be placed in this hall of the Public Library, in the custody of its Trustees, and to that end the gracious duty of its presentation was delegated to a committee with full powers.

That committee, Mr. Chairman, I have now the honor to represent, and while its obligations are in some degree pleasurable, still the occasion comes tinged with the shadow of another and a more recent sorrow. He of this committee, and the one of us all who from his long intimacy and affectionate admiration for his comrade, having achieved with him much signal service in the field, whose amiable and unselfish interest in this object gave inspiration to his colleagues, and to whom they looked as the one especially fitted for this duty, which has now unhappily devolved upon me, has, pending the consummation of this felicity, suddenly been called to join the innumerable army that has passed into the infinite silence.

The inseparable names of General Edward A. Wild and Colonel William L. Candler are thus in the order of events entwined anew in our regard, and with added reason associated in our local annals.

Ordinarily, it would be well-nigh superfluous for me, here in this presence, or indeed in Brookline, to dilate upon the achievements of General Wild, or otherwise than succinctly allude to his citizenship and interesting military record.

But, Mr. Chairman, in the swift flight of time a generation has passed since the advent of that grievous epoch, when the guns of a misguided and rebellious State were trained on Fort Sumter, and a slave-holding oligarchy threw down the gauntlet of war against our union of States and the Presidency of Abraham Lincoln; and, therefore, a brief and incidental mention of General Wild's extraordinary career, marked especially by his early enlistment in the defence of the Union, and his uncompromising and patriotic devotion thereto until its establishment was assured, may be pardoned on this occasion.

General Wild was descended from old English stock. He was born in Brookline, Nov. 25, 1825, and, like his pleasantly remembered father, the late Charles Wild, M. D., of this town, was a graduate of Harvard College. His class was that of 1844. He studied medicine and began its practice here in 1847. He, however, went abroad for study, and for further hospital experience, in 1848, and during a rejuvenating pedestrian tour in Switzerland was tempted to go down into Italy. Europe was then in the throes of a halting republicanism, and many dynasties seemed to be tottering. It was an interesting and exceptional era of political unrest. Louis Philippe had been dethroned, and France was an incipient republic under the lead of Lamartine and his associates, while Louis Napoleon had not yet by his audacity beguiled that people to accept his presidency, under the leverage of which, in his selfish ambition to found a dynasty, he subsequently usurped political power and grasped the imperial sceptre! Germany was struggling for unity and for the setting aside of no end of petty monarchies and titular creations claiming inheritance of divine right,

"Drawn from the mouldy rolls of Noah's ark."

Frederick William the Fourth, King of Prussia, and brother of the future Emperor William the First, was then busy with the stamping out of republican fire, and with the expatriation of such political re-

formers as the poet Freiligrath, Carl Schurz, Reinhold Solger, Frederic Kapp, Professor Kinkel, and scores of others, including that irreconcilable and reckless Russian revolutionist, Michael Bakounin. That illustrious republican patriot, Robert Blum, had been seized and brutally shot in Vienna. Kossuth and Bathyanyi were then agitating for the independence of Hungary, and thus vexing Austria.

General Wild was a true representative of republican democracy and in sympathy with this type of men the world over, for "He that loves liberty confines his love for her within no narrow bounds."

Italy was then ablaze with "the everlasting torch of freedom," and contending for less priestcraft, more liberty, and for a national unity, and Garibaldi was fanning the flame in Northern Italy in sympathy with Sardinia which was then in armed strife against Austria for the redemption of Venetia and contiguous States. It will also be recalled that the Roman and Neapolitan States were in active contention, and that the march of those events disturbed the Pope, who was compelled to leave Rome and take refuge in the fortress at Gaeta-by-the-Sea, and finally lost his temporal power with his political control of the Pontifical States.

It was later in that decade that we again find that republican chief, after revolutionizing Sicily, virtually knocking at the door of the then unpopular and odious Bourbon King of the two Sicilies, in Naples, who hastily scampered away into Austria before the *dum, dum, dum* of the immortal Italian and his brave Genoese and Sicilians. In the meanwhile, the Grand Duke of Tuscany was having sleepless nights in Florence, and subsequently yielded his claims to its government and fled to Vienna. All this, as will be remembered, ultimately eventuated in the fusion of those States and in a regenerated and united Italy under Victor Emmanuel of Sardinia.

From General Wild's proclivity to military affairs, perhaps born of his enthusiasm and inherited interest in the Boston Cadet Corps, of which his father had been a member, and in whose ranks for many years General Wild subsequently held an active place, he was no disinterested observer of the movements upon that European chess-board; and we can therefore easily imagine his anxiety to be near the scene of action, and that he the more readily crossed the Alps and

wended his way into Italy. There the military camps then included half a million of men, and their lines extended from Lake Garda to the Po; and there, as he said, he sought opportunity to "witness a battle and a bombardment."

From the meagre notes now accessible to me it is manifest that our traveller's animated interest in these movements led him to approach too near the military lines of the hostile camps, where from his adventurous disposition and the characteristic coolness of his observations, he was arrested and closely searched, first by one side and then by the other, as a spy from the opposite camp, and released only from his definite explanations, and on two occasions to General Garibaldi personally, who discerned his true character and liberated him. Later, in another quarter, he was again seized as an Austrian emissary and robbed and very roughly treated, fortunately escaping with his life. This was repeated on Lake Garda, where he was arrested at midnight for a robber; and still another time on the River Po, on the other extremity of this military line, where, in his adventurous desire to see Venice, he was once more seized as a deserter or spy by the Austrians. To all these with many other perilous and disagreeable experiences, in the pursuit of his purpose, he exhibited an amusing indifference. Fearlessness and honesty were virtues ever inseparable with him. Those who knew General Wild intimately can correctly appreciate the exact effect of these episodes of exciting and unsafe adventure upon his free and imperturbable nature. We can easily imagine they were veritable amusements to him, so regardless was he of such personal detriment. To measure him by the dispositions of the most of us would, perhaps, bring a suggestion of eccentricity and with it a touch of humor that sometimes was comical. A hint of this may be pardoned here in confidence, as this is a family meeting.

Our wanderer returned in 1850, and resumed in Brookline the practice of his profession, that of a homeopathic physician, till 1855, when he was married, and upon the declaration of the war in the Crimea, he then, with his bride, sailed directly for Constantinople, where he tendered his services as a surgeon to the Turkish government. They were at once accepted and he was there attached to the army corps of Omar Pasha, the commander-in-chief of the

Turkish forces, with the rank and pay of lieutenant-colonel, and given a title prefixing that of Bey, signifying "the sincere." Here he saw much service, and continued for two years in charge of extensive military hospitals with the sick and disabled, the results of that war. He also acted as brigade surgeon in the Turkish forces at Trebizond and Batoum, and other ports on the shores of the Black Sea, passing the winter near the foot-hills of the Caucasus, and occupying the hospitals captured from the Russians. On leaving, at the close of the war, he was decorated with the order of the Medjidieh by the Sultan, Abdul Medjid, and given a war medal, with an accompanying diploma, with also an autograph letter of thanks by Omar Pasha, his commander-in-chief.

General Wild made an extended visit to Italy again, in 1857, then without especial incident, I believe, although the political and military activity that marked that era there had not yet terminated.

Again he resumed his medical practice in Brookline, but the stride of political affairs culminating in the outbreak of the warlike events in 1861, rekindled his military ardor and once more drew him into active fields of public service. It is recorded that one of the first acts of the Military Committee organized by this town in April, 1861, was "hiring of a hall for the purposes of a drill-hall and armory, where Captain Edward A. Wild, then a popular young physician in town, with Lieutenants Charles L. Chandler and William L. Candler began recruiting a company." Some of us can remember those early days of 1861, when with that notable ardor, conscientiously prompted by his strong anti-slavery convictions, he unselfishly abandoned the opportune inducements of his profession and prospective medical practice, and enlisted in this first Brookline company of volunteers, which he had aided in recruiting at the magnetic call of Governor Andrew, by whom he was commissioned as captain on May 22d, 1861. His military knowledge and exceptional experience, coupled with his enthusiastic devotion to the Union cause, took him at once into service in the line. To the one nearest to him, and who said to him in a tentative way, "I suppose you will be gone but three months," his instant reply, "I enlist for the war," brought a sickening thrill, amid measureless but submissive forebodings.

One of the first thus to respond, he with alacrity and thus unreservedly gave himself to the service of his country for the preservation of the flag with all its stars, and indeed for maintaining the national life. Subsequently he aided in forming the first Massachusetts regiment which was enlisted for three years, and was given command of Company A, which was mustered into the United States service in the First Massachusetts Regiment, under Col. Robert Cowdin. This regiment having been chiefly recruited in this town, was largely composed of Brookline men, a few of whom we are privileged to have still with us, while the records on the memorial tablets in our Town Hall, make up for us and for history that roll of honor.

That was a companionable group,—a representative trio of Brookline's best,—that included Edward Augustus Wild, William Latham Candler, and Charles Lyon Chandler, the first as captain and the others as his lieutenants, that were primarily attached to this company and enlisted for three years,—pioneers with a willing and alert patriotism that helped to set the pace for so many others, and each of whom subsequently distinguished himself and earned and received honorable promotion.

Colonel Chandler fell mortally wounded in the battle near Hanover Court House, May 24th, 1864, and it is happily on record that he was kindly cared for in his last hours by Colonel Harris of the 12th Mississippi Regiment, within the enemy's lines, with a true soldierly courtesy, that was honorable to himself and gratifying to the kindred of our young officer, whose brief career was heroic, whose character was exemplary, and whose loss was widely and keenly felt. General Bartlett wrote: "Officers and men speak of Colonel Chandler's bravery and devotion with filling eyes. I never saw men who in so short a time had such feeling of admiration for any man's conduct. His loss was felt throughout the corps."

Colonel Candler, in the exigencies of the war, was ultimately transferred to the staff of the intrepid General Joseph Hooker, where he saw much severe service. He was with that noted and efficient soldier during all Hooker's career, from the time of his commanding a division, until he resigned as commander-in-chief of the Army of the Potomac, and with them there was continued a warm personal attachment.

Colonel Candler was never seriously wounded, although I am told that in the severity of his experience he had three horses shot from under him, and to the end, from exposure in camp life, suffered with impaired health. No one took the field with more lofty purpose, and it is of such men it can be said truly, that they were the glory of the service. These soldiers did not emblazon their deeds, they waged war for a principle, and not as adventurers ; and wherever duty called or circumstances placed them, there they signalized themselves with the best that was in them : all correlative testimony bears witness to this.

I have been permitted to make the following extracts from letters to Mrs. Wild, which indicate the exact spirit which animated Edward Wild when he entered the service, and therefore should have a place here. If there exist clearer illustrations of unselfish patriotism, I know not where to find them.

"CAMP UNION, BLADENSBURG, Oct. 18, 1861.

"As for promotion, you must recollect that I did not come out here to be elevated, but simply from a sense of duty, and with the single-hearted object to serve my country to my utmost ability, feeling within myself that I was the proper man to come. If I should be broken or be cashiered, I should immediately enlist as a private, for the same reason, and do my utmost in that capacity. If I should be promoted by those who are competent to judge, and who think that I could serve my country better by filling a larger sphere, I should obey orders, and consent to the promotion : though it must be strong inducement that could draw me away from my present company and my present regiment, for I am proud of both. If, therefore, I should not be promoted, but should remain where I am, I shall not be disappointed, but shall continue to work on, as I only intended to serve during the war, and then retire again into obscurity. You must remember that I spoke in the same tone before leaving Brookline."

And again he writes, Nov. 29th, 1861, taking notice of a newspaper article which spoke of the deaths of Lyon, Baker, and Ellsworth, as "military suicide" :

"As for me, when I am shot down, let no one put on mourning for me. Rather hang out the stars and stripes and be proud. Say what you will, I am not a rash person, neither am I so brave as one hundred thousand others ; I mean naturally and constitutionally brave.

What courage I have comes by force of reason, and of faith, and of self discipline, and of determination. I pray heaven that when I see the need of sacrificing myself, no weakness of mine shall deter me."

Such men make history, and by such patriotism and self-sacrifice as theirs, liberty was redeemed, and a great nation was literally born again.

The pathos of that empty sleeve in the portrait before us, attests only remotely what General Wild was called to endure, all of which was unrepiningly met and borne with that gentle cheerfulness which was a part of his nature.

His right hand was permanently crippled by a bullet in the engagement at the Seven Pines on the field of Fair Oaks, Virginia, June 25th, 1862. He came home, on the invalid list, for a short time, but soon reported again for duty in the field. Promoted by regular grade to a colonelcy, in August, 1862, he took command of the 35th Massachusetts, and two days after proceeded to Washington with this regiment, and with his arm still in a sling. In three weeks he was with General Burnside, and in the battle of South Mountain. It is recorded that this new regiment there, and again three days later, distinguished itself by steady, determined bravery, worthy of veterans.

After Hooker was wounded at the battle of Antietam, General Meade took command of Hooker's corps. When, on Sept. 14th, 1862, the battle of South Mountain was over, Colonel Candler on enquiring for General Wild, learned that he was again seriously wounded and had been sent to the rear. His reminiscences of his painful search that inclement night for his loved friend were among the most touching to which I ever listened, and it is impossible for me to repeat them here. Colonel Candler, as it were, strained his prerogative as an officer of the staff, but taking the opportunity of the night, and of the temporary disorder when he was nominally off duty, tired and hungry, having been in incessant service in the saddle and without food for twenty-four consecutive hours, at length, after riding miles in the darkness and the wet through "Virginia mud," and amid those direful roads and the debris and material

disorder incident to such a battle-field, in the early hours of the morning, found his comrade in a room alone in a little roadside shanty, where had been improvised a temporary hospital.

His left arm had been shattered by a shell, and he was compelled in that condition to walk two or three miles to find shelter. He had submitted to three surgical amputations, and finally, to save his life, his arm, under his own directions, was taken off at the shoulder. He said, subsequently, "I told the surgeons if they found it necessary to amputate the arm, not to let me wake and find it on."

At the sight of each other the fortitude of these friends mutually gave way. Upon the unexpected appearance of Candler, Wild's indomitable spirit yielded, and he burst into tears. I will not undertake to picture that meeting of these fond friends under those circumstances. I leave it to your imagination. Everything was then done that could be, for the General's comfort and to save his life. Thus disabled, he was sent home again in December, 1862, and when but partially recovered he again returned to duty and assisted Governor Andrew in organizing the first colored troops. In April, 1863, he was promoted by President Lincoln a brigadier general of volunteers, and proceeded to North Carolina before his wound was healed. Here he raised a brigade of colored troops, chiefly from among the newly emancipated slaves by colonizing them, with headquarters at Newberne. Later, in July, he took a large body of these raw colored troops to South Carolina, where they did valuable service in the siege of Charleston. Once more he returned to the recruiting work at Newberne, and in January, 1864, was in command of the district of Norfolk and Portsmouth. The opening of the spring campaign in May, 1864, found our indefatigable soldier again in the field, in command of colored troops, participating in the siege operations against Petersburg and Richmond until the autumn. During a part of this time he was in command of a division containing three brigades of infantry, besides artillery and cavalry—a portion of the 25th Army Corps, composed wholly of colored troops,—and on the third of April, 1865, he was among the first to enter Richmond as the Davis government departed forever. Subsequently he was

on duty in pursuit of the fugitive Richmond cabinet into North Carolina, and indeed into Georgia. Did time allow, one could dwell on much of agreeable anecdotal interest in the romantic and picturesque career of this almost unique character, who, in his boundless devotion to his country's cause, knew no fear, and no interest but that of her service. On May 24, 1864, when in charge of important army stores on the James River, he was surrounded by a greater force under General Fitz-Hugh Lee. This rebel general, in a note couched in terms of studied and direct formality summoned him to surrender. Wild's laconic reply was evidently unstudied, and so characteristically innocent of diplomacy that it provokes a smile. He returned the note with his endorsement, as follows: "We will try it. Ed. A. Wild, Brig. Gen'l Vol's."

The struggle came and Wild was victorious in holding his position, although attacked from both sides of the river. Had General Lee known Edward A. Wild as well as some of us, he would have realized how preposterous it was to make such a proposition to him while life lasted.

Referring to my memoranda of conversations with General Wild, I find much that, could it be related here, would be interesting,—touching the last hours of that struggle in the rebel capital in which he bore a part, and of his subsequent pursuit of those fugitives. His later experience when in command of those raw colored troops in North Carolina, and further southward whither he was sent after the surrender of Lee and pending the adjustment of Union jurisdiction in those States, is also notable. It will be remembered that as the Union forces approached Richmond and its evacuation was imminent, Jefferson Davis with his companions fled by train with certain portable property which included the specie of the banks, etc. They carried also an important quantity of treasure of curious interest, consisting of gold ornaments and silver plate,—it being contributions of the women of Richmond to the rebel treasury in its extremity,—some of which was distributed on the way to meet expenses, and bore well-known rebel names. Their progress was impeded and their railway connections broken, but the officials kept on their course, and in advance of others who prompted by the flight of their leaders were led to join in the general "*Sauve qui peut*."

It having become known that the Confederacy was at an end, and reported that Davis had been captured, trains were pillaged by the confederates themselves, their soldiers, their teamsters and others, intent on securing their dues, or at all events their need. In Richmond the confederates who remained were destroying their records, their fortifications, their war material, and setting fire to their city, the suppression of which fell upon the Union troops. Those in charge of the gold of the banks temporarily secured it, although it was ultimately seized by General Wild in conjunction with the Freedman's Bureau Commission, with also a million dollars' worth of cotton. Subsequently the treasure of the banks had other claimants, but it was eventually turned into the treasury of the United States. General Wild was mustered out of the United States service January 15, 1866.

There are many Brookline names that find honorable place on the muster-rolls of that war, to which we all refer with pride, for it is on record that General Wild led in the list of forty-eight commissioned officers furnished by this town, with 880 enlisted men, which notably included five brothers of one family bearing the name of Richardson, and four of another, bearing the name of Dwight.

Mr. Chairman, the records of General Wild's distinguished military services are permanent in the archives of his state and of the nation. But we have thought it due to this gallant son of Brookline whom we are here to commemorate — as well as to ourselves,— that the features and individuality of such a citizen, after a career so notable, a service so honorable, and a history so romantic, should not be allowed to fade with his own generation, and without an especial recognition by his fellow-citizens and his contemporaries ere their own stars are set.

I fain would hope that the day may come when the others of this trio of young Spartans who from this town so readily enlisted in the first company of the First Massachusetts Regiment for that memorable struggle, may by their portraits likewise have place with the Lares and Penates of our Brookline household.

General Wild's class of Harvard University made him a complimentary presentation of a sword, at an early stage of the war, and again manifested their appreciation of his character by an enduring mural tablet of bronze in that Valhalla, the Memorial Hall of the University, and also by personal subscriptions for this portrait.

Realizing that his wounds disabled him from again practising his profession, General Wild turned his attention to mining enterprises, with wide and diversified experience, more especially choosing his interests in California, and also about Lake Superior. He pursued these researches for some years with great persistency, but his fortunes were varied, and on the whole disappointing, and finally he accepted a proposition of a valued friend, to aid him in the survey for a railroad in an inviting country, from the Magdellena River to the City of Medellin, in the State of Antioquia, Republic of Colombia, South America. He left New York, July 1st, 1891, and reached his destination the 30th. His old love of adventure and the novelty of enterprise in such a new field were the incitements for him, and associated with the work was a warm friendship which he enjoyed. There, enervated by the heat of a tropical latitude—to which he was unused, although living at a considerable altitude—he succumbed after a short residence, dying amid appreciative and loving friends, and, as it was written, "passed away peacefully," the 28th of August, 1891.

It is gratifying to relate that already during his stay in South America he had found many friends. Within an hour after the General's death, the American Vice-Consul, Señor Lucian Santa Maria, courteously proffered his personal and official services, which were at that moment welcome.

The Governor, Secretary of State, and the Treasurer, paid their official visits, and graciously tendered their services. The Comandante called, by direction of the government, tendering his personal services and military honors to the dead, as a General of a friendly nation, and while a quiet and private funeral was desired, his friends consented to an infantry escort. The Secretary of the Treasury of the State was also attentive to the last. The invitations to the funeral were delivered by special messengers of the government.

These obsequies were attended by the Governor, and by all the officers of the State, who manifested their respects and paid every honor, conceded from the friendliness he had inspired, and regard due to his rank; while the bells of the cathedral across the street tolled a requiem as the procession moved.

His friends there, and here at home, all hold with especial gratitude the gracious conduct of that government and community on that occasion. He had the friendly attentions of the Protestant minister and his wife, an American lady, who in his illness furnished him with delicacies, while English friends, with others, at the last laid upon his coffin wreaths and garlands.

Perhaps it is not too much to say here, that that government and the people recognized that they were rendering funeral honors to a gallant Union officer who had fought and suffered for themselves, as well as for the Great Republic—for that Greater Republic of which Colombia and the United States are alike members—for the Commonwealth of American Nations.

Called unexpectedly to the preparation of these notes, I have been more and again more impressed with the unique nature of our heroic fellow-citizen and with the extraordinary and varied character of his career, for as the common phrase goes with his intimates, "There was never but one Ned Wild." It is truthfully asserted that through his whole service in the field he never used tobacco or tasted intoxicating drink, not even beer. Wounded seriously and repeatedly, and indeed crippled, still undaunted he persistently returned to the service, and remained till mustered out at the very last.

One is tempted to characterize him as the Alpha and the Omega of our service of that period. Let us preserve these memories and render lasting the example of one who, with absolute unselfishness and such vigorous loyalty in the great exigency, faithfully gave himself to the cause of his country.

We trust that this canvas may be treasured for its faithful portraiture, as also for its artistic worth. Painted from photographs taken while he was in active service, it delineates an illustrious son of Brookline, an heroic soldier, of gentle mold, an amiable and exemplary citizen with a pure and unblemished record, who won the respect, the gratitude and the unfeigned admiration of his fellow-citizens.

"When hearts, whose truth was proven,
Like thine, are laid in earth,
There should a wreath be woven
To tell the world their worth."

Acceptance of the Portrait by the Town.

The portrait of General Wild was accepted, on behalf of the town of Brookline, by Mr. Horace James, chairman of the Board of Selectmen, who spoke as follows:—

Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen of the Committee having in charge the matter of a Memorial Portrait of the late General Wild:

It gives me great pleasure to accept, on behalf of the town of Brookline, the portrait of one of her illustrious sons: the portrait of one who stood in the front rank of the patriotic, self-sacrificing men of his day and generation: of one who at the call of his country did not hesitate to give up business, comfort, life itself, if need be, in defence of its flag and the union of States.

The committee have expressed the wish that the portrait may be placed in the reading-room of the Public Library, and in charge of its trustees. In compliance with this wish the Selectmen request the Trustees of the Public Library to take charge of the portrait, and to place it in some conspicuous place in the reading-room, with the hope that those, especially the younger portion of the persons who may visit the room, may be prompted to enquire who and what manner of man he was whose memory we thus seek to perpetuate. And may the record of his life, and the example he has left us, serve to inspire all, both now and in the future, with the same sentiments of patriotism and devotion to duty which we have seen exemplified in him.

Acceptance by the Public Library.

The trust was accepted, on behalf of the Public Library, by Charles H. Drew, Esq., chairman of its Board of Trustees, who feelingly testified to the worth of the man whom the portrait represented, and spoke of the efforts of such patriots as General Wild, which resulted in giving to us a united country.

Other speakers, who had been intimate friends of General Wild, were: Hon. John W. Candler, Edward Atkinson, Clement K. Fay, Moses Williams, Dr. Tappan E. Francis; Prof. Charles J. Capen, of the Boston Latin School, and Mr. Shattuck Hartwell, Harvard classmates: Fergus B. Turner, one of the two surviving members of the original Brookline company now living in this town; Mr. Conant, of Boston, who served throughout the war with General Wild, and Col. Charles E. Hapgood.

Remarks of Hon. John W. Candler.

I appreciate the invitation to take some part on this interesting occasion. It seems to me a gathering in which we all feel a sincere and earnest purpose, and may congratulate ourselves that another obligation we owe to our soldiers and posterity is being fulfilled. Although the number assembled this evening is not large, we know that we voice the patriotic sentiment of all the citizens of Brookline, who have never failed, when the opportunity was offered, to recognize the courage, the self-sacrifice and patriotism of the men they sent to do battle for the Union. The portrait of this heroic man will recall to all of us who knew him, how nobly and with what devotion to the cause he aided in recruiting and organizing Company A of the First Regiment, enlisted for three years by the State of Massachusetts.

General Wild was a marked and original character: true to his convictions on all occasions, the personification of devotion to principle.—a man of faith, he would have died a martyr for any cause he believed in and espoused. He was a leader of men and called about him kindred spirits in his devotion to freedom and his country. The story of his life, which this portrait will suggest, will prove to be an inspiration to the highest duties of citizenship in the generations in this town that follow us.

My personal relations with General Wild were intimate. He was my neighbor, companion and friend for many years. At some other time I might speak of his humorous, quaint, attractive, social qualities; but tonight, under the shadow of a very recent event, as I attempt to recall the garnered years, so many memories crowd upon me with which he and my family are associated that I cannot attempt

it. I feel too much in the mood and spirit of that beautiful poem of Emerson's, as he revisited the old homestead in Concord:—

“ Knows he who tills this lonely field,
To reap its scanty corn,
What mystic fruit his acres yield,
At midnight and at morn?

“ In the long sunny afternoon,
The plain was full of ghosts!
I wandered up, I wandered down,
Beset by pensive hosts.

“ I touch this flower of silken leaf,
Which once our childhood knew;
It's soft leaves wound me with a grief
Whose balsam never grew.”

I had many associations and conferences with the officers of Company A, and followed them with careful watchfulness on every march and in every battle. I will refer to only one visit to their regiment, which indicates how little many of us comprehended in the early months of the war, its magnitude and the sacrifices of the terrible struggle. After the battle of Bull Run, I spent a week or ten days with the officers of Company A, when their regiment was stationed at Budd's Ferry, under General Joseph Hooker, who commanded that brave and gallant Division of the old Third Corps. The regiment was in fine condition, and although they had been in battle, and were then often under fire, and knew something of the hardships and dangers of a soldier, they were all cheerful and hopeful, and music and amusement were part of their daily life. I shared it with them, and enjoyed it with them. But when the day came to bid them good-bye, just before the Peninsular campaign, I felt the parting. Five of the officers of that regiment were intimate friends and constant companions,—Lieut.-Col. George D. Wells, Major Charles P. Chandler, Capt. Edward A. Wild, 1st Lieut. Wm. L. Candler, 2d Lieut. Charles L. Chandler. As I looked at them, as they stood in the sunlight on that beautiful morning on the banks of the Potomac, I said to myself: Some one of you I shall never see

again. I did not then believe the fearful sacrifice of the war would claim more than one in five, but when the war was over, three of them had been killed on the field of battle, and Wild returned home to us shattered and maimed by the bullets of his foes. This incident connected with the history of one company, illustrates what the heroic men of 1861 faced, to preserve to us the union of the States.

It is most gratifying that this portrait of General Wild is so successfully painted, and we have reason to congratulate the citizens of the town and to feel grateful to our fellow-citizen, Mr. Kennard, who, in giving the portrait in charge to our town government, contributes his comprehensive and eloquent address. We who knew General Wild, recognize the tribute of a friend as well as a patriotic citizen, who appreciated the importance of the war and all the results it accomplished. His address will add an interesting and valuable chapter to the history of the town.

We must not forget, on this occasion, that every monument we rear, that every name we can inscribe on marble or bronze, that the lineaments we can have traced on canvas for future generations to look upon, are not personal alone to the heroic leaders, but emblematical that the people hold in unfading remembrance the heroes they led—the rank and file that may have no monuments.

The three commissioned officers that Brookline sent, to lead her soldiers on many a hard-fought field, have now all entered into the silence. The "sound of the trumpet and the noise of the battle" can reach them no more. Their record is finished. That record of men so brave and true, who never faltered in their duty, I believe will always be remembered and cherished with pride and honor by the citizens of the town.

Remarks of Clement K. Fay, Esq.

General Wild was a good many years older than I but my acquaintance with him began in my childhood, when he was known as the "Young Doctor," to distinguish him from his able and somewhat eccentric father, the "Old Doctor." It was at a time when Brookline was much more rural than it is now. Its pleasant lanes and shady streets, bounded by old-fashioned stone walls, and its green fields and smiling meadows made it far more attractive, in my humble judgment, than it is now, since it has undergone what is commonly called "improvement." (Applause.)

I gratefully endorse all that has been said this evening in praise of General Wild's conspicuous bravery and his many other manly qualities, but I trust it may not seem inappropriate to recall some of the other traits and accomplishments of this many-sided man. He had a keen sense of humor and a lively appreciation of fun, and his hearty laugh was most contagious.

Before the war, he was the leader of a select amateur musical organization in Brookline called "The Hypnophonians." This name was derived from two Greek words signifying "Sleep-Destroyers." It was a brass band and its members were well-known citizens of the town. Our worthy friend Dr. Francis, who sits on my left, was the president of the organization and played the triangle. Our gallant and beloved Colonel Candler was an enthusiastic member and could play on almost any instrument. Our esteemed fellow-townsman, Mr. James P. Stearns, played the trombone. The Hypnophonians used to rehearse in a vacant room over Palmer's paint shop, in an old wooden building which stood where Mr. Goodspeed's stable is now. The rehearsals were kept up to a late hour, and General

Wild used to continue his practice on the bugle as he walked up Washington Street to his father's house, next the Blake estate, regaling the inhabitants of the town with solos in the stillness of midnight.

I well remember attending some of the concerts given by the Hypnophonians, when I was a boy, in the old Town Hall which stood on the site of the present one. Their *repertoire* was comparatively limited and they did not attempt anything very ambitious in a musical way—at least in public. The two pieces that they knew and played best were the “Fireman’s Fest March” and the “Amelia Waltzes.” (Laughter.) It is needless to say that these two selections were sure to find a place on every programme, whether at a concert or serenade. Several of the inhabitants used to be serenaded more or less, especially those who would be most likely to throw open their doors and extend their hospitality to the members of the band.

During the war several of the Hypnophonians, besides General Wild, were in active service in the field and the meetings were suspended for several years, but after the war they were resumed with the addition of several new members, among whom I had the honor to be counted. At these meetings it was customary to recall some of the experiences of the Hypnophonians before the war and I shall always remember, with great pleasure, the almost boyish interest that General Wild took in hearing and recounting them. His merry laugh still lingers in my ears. It was thought at first, after the band was reorganized, that the General, who had formerly played the bugle, would be unable to take an active part but with characteristic ingenuity he surmounted that difficulty by playing the bass drum and cymbals—two instruments instead of one. He used to put the bass drum in an arm chair and place one cymbal on the floor, tying the other one to his foot, so that he could beat on both at the same time.

One night, before the war, the Hypnophonians started out to serenade Mr. Moses Williams, the father of my life-long friend and contemporary who is here with us to-night and who bears the same honored name. That name was then, as it is now, the synonym in

our town for genial and generous hospitality. It was to be a serenade of more than ordinary interest as they were to try, for the first time, a patent lamp which was fastened to the breast of each member so that he could see the notes of the music. They assembled in Mr. Williams' orchard, under the window, and began as usual with the "Fireman's Fest March." (Laughter.) Either from haste or inexperience the wicks of the lamps were not properly adjusted and some of them began to smoke and choke the players so that the opening piece came to an abrupt and disastrous ending, and they had to readjust the lights, which occupied some time. When they were ready to begin again, General Wild had taken off his lamp and fastened it to the bow of an apple tree. As he gave the signal for a second start the sight was so ludicrous that the members broke down again with a burst of laughter. Meanwhile Mr. Williams, to whom these serenades were no novelty, had risen and hurriedly dressed himself, and rushing down stairs invited the members into the house and entertained them in his usual hearty fashion. After the collation one of the band suggested that they should continue the serenade in the house, where there was a good light. General Wilde used to tell us that he could never forget the eager and fervent way in which Mr. Williams assured them that he would not think of troubling them to finish the serenade as he was sure they must have several other places where they wanted to go that evening; so they reluctantly withdrew. (Laughter.)

I could recall many other interesting stories of this sort about General Wild and the Hypnophonians, but this is scarcely the time for doing so.

I trust I am guilty of no impropriety, on this solemn occasion, in venturing to speak of what was really one of the most charming characteristics of General Wild. It is surely pleasant to feel, as we gaze at the portrait of this hero looking so stern and soldier-like, that he had always with him, when off duty, this healthy and genuine sense of humor to shed its sunlight on his pathway through life. (Applause.)

Remarks of Shattuck Hartwell.

Mr. Chairman:

I ask pardon for my rather tardy response to your call upon me, and I can only plead in excuse that it took me quite by surprise, as I had not expected to speak here tonight, but came as a listener only. And I have listened with the deepest interest to the felicitous remarks of previous speakers, especially to your own admirable address.

My friendship with Edward A. Wild was such, and so lasting, my associations with him so peculiar, that I hardly dare trust myself to speak of them in this presence, but I cannot be wholly silent now, at your renewed call. My acquaintance with him began quite early in our freshman year, and my first distinct remembrance of him is of being in his room, in Stoughton Hall, when Rev. Dr. Pierce called upon him, and of being very greatly impressed by the evidently tender interest of that venerable gentleman in his young parishioner, and by Wild's frank and cordial manner with the good doctor. Later in that first freshman term, Wild invited me to his delightful home in your beautiful town, and from that time through our whole college course, and also later while I was still at Harvard, I was always made most cordially welcome to its genial and generous hospitality. And while memory lasts I can never forget my many pleasant hours and associations in his charming family.

In college, Wild held excellent rank as a classical scholar and was greatly distinguished in mathematics—especially in the higher mathematics. Indeed, no one in the class surpassed him in natural aptitude or genius for the higher mathematics, and therein was his especial forte. Those terse words of his defiant reply to Fitz-

Hugh Lee's summons to surrender,—“*We'll try that!*”—I have often heard from him when confronting an obscure passage in Latin or Greek, or before his always successful grapple with some difficult mathematical problem. And when in the papers of that time I read his reply to Lee, I said, exultingly, to my family,—“That's the same Ned Wild of our class!” As a writer in the class his style was clear, logical and terse, sparing of rhetoric and wasting no words. He would sometimes surprise his friends, and his own family, indeed, by some entirely unexpected achievement. A notable one, of which I was a glad witness, was when he brought home from Philadelphia, either at Thanksgiving or at Christmas, his medical degree, won upon a brilliant examination and a full year in advance of the regular course. His medical father's exultant pride was quite phenomenal to hear and see. Wild had *tried* that feat, too, and won as usual.

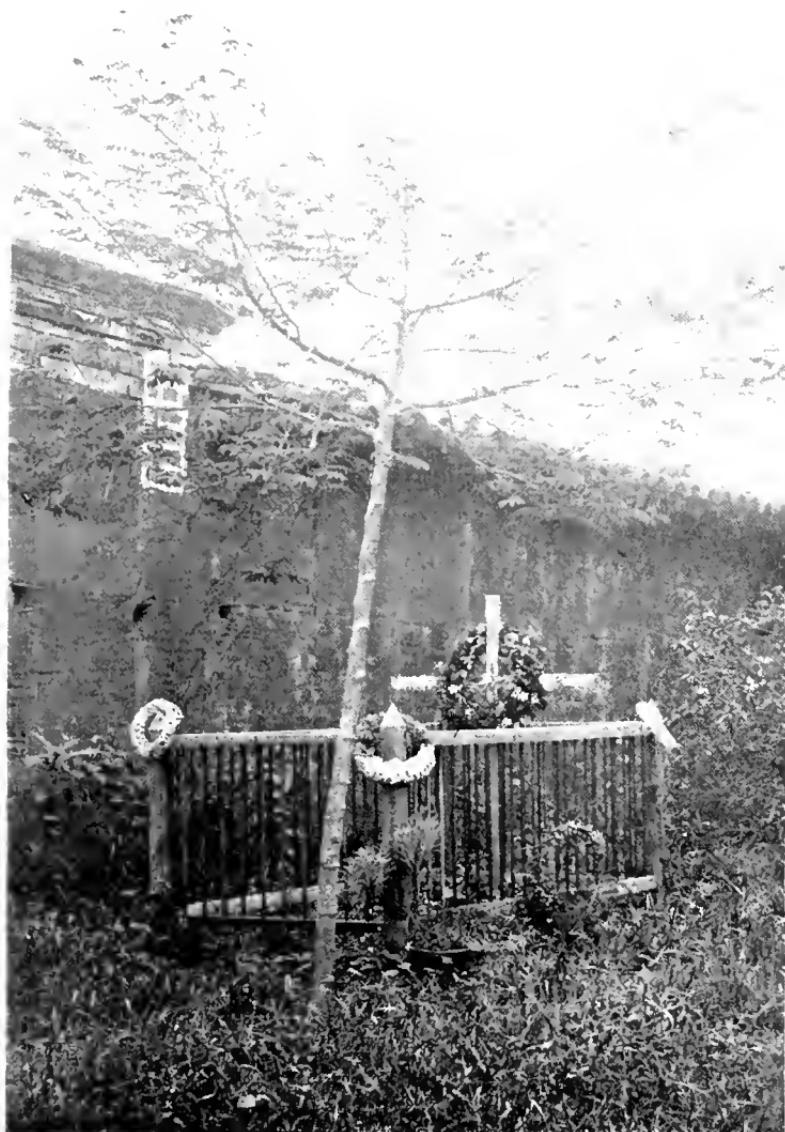
In any emergency he was one of the readiest and most alert,—level-headed always. For instance, in the last term of our senior year at Harvard, on June 17th, then a holiday, Wild and three others of us, classmates, took a long ride on horseback, and returning from Brookline into Boston, at evening, we were passing over the Milldam when we saw, and seeing, watched in the bright moonlight a small sailboat heading directly toward that highway, and not far distant. Suddenly one of our party, Wild I think, shouted, “She's capsized!” as the fact was, in tacking with rather a stiff breeze. We rode at full speed to the landing at Brainerd's bath-house, left our four horses in charge of the nervous man of the party, the others sprang into a boat, Wild leading, pulled swiftly to the floating boat and took from her upturned keel three men, somewhat water-soaked and rather more sober than they had been, apparently, under sail.

Again, and more notably, he was with the very foremost, in 1861, when he so promptly volunteered, after the fall of Fort Sumter, raised and led to the front Company A of the First Massachusetts Regiment, literally the initial company of that great array of Massachusetts Volunteers. Wild's military services and success were matters of great pride and rejoicing among his classmates. After his wounds in battle on the Peninsula and the loss of his arm at

South Mountain, the class gave him an elegant dress sword. And in this year, they have placed in Memorial Hall at Harvard a beautiful medallion in bronze, commemorative of his battles.

I count it my good fortune to have been for a brief time his guest in camp, when he was in command at Newport News, in the early autumn of 1864, and later, in the last campaign before Richmond ; to have shared his headquarters at the front, nominally of his staff but without rank. And I must always regret that a summons home, on leave of absence, because of serious illness in my family, lost me the honor of riding into Richmond with him, at the head of the 25th Army Corps, Colored Troops, among the foremost, if not truly the first to enter the fallen city.

But I must not longer test your patience. I rejoice sincerely in this fit occasion, and that I can share it with you, his fellow-citizens of Brookline. I am glad indeed to see this life-like portrait of your gallant soldier and good citizen, my beloved classmate and friend, given such place of honor in your public library, and I trust it will remain there while these walls endure, an incentive to manly duty, whether military or civil, and commemorative of an unselfish and noble life.



GRAVE OF GENERAL W.I.
At Madero, Colombia, South America.

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